F.O.R. Fellowship

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In Memoriam . . .

Salute this day—
Follow the lightning play
Of jet-borne wings
Sharpening their flight
In the sky-fields.

Listen
To the wind-whistle
Of air toys
Spinning their widening arcs
Through the cloud-ways.

Muffle the sound—
The point of sound
Lunging downward—
Thrusting oblivion
Into the ranks
Of little men
On earth.

—STEPHANIE CHASE

ff On the morning of August 6, 1945, the first atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima, and a few days later another fell on Nagasaki, Japan. In this issue, which will reach readers near the sixth anniversary of that time, we bring you an article compiled from the stories, told in their own words, of "The Children of Nagasaki." They were there. Perhaps it will help us to remember them ten years from now, or fifty years from now. In some communities in the United States services and demonstrations will be held to remind us of our guilt. We hope FOR members will have this in mind. . . . Dr. Donald Soper, who will be one of two main speakers at the National Conference in early September, is biographied briefly by H. D. Bollinger. . . . A. J. Muste discusses the difference between the political realities and the "verbal level" of idealism that is maintained in the world . . . and Frank Laubach presents an exciting picture of the new world in Africa, where millions of people, just learning to read, are receiving their first real introduction into ideas of democracy and fascism, communism and socialism. What they will do with their new-found possibilities remains to be seen.

FELLOWSHIP

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Fellowship
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The Children of Nagasaki

NOT THE LEAST *of the horrors of war is the way in which its realities become glossed over by the grim facility with which we humans do our thinking in terms of impersonal groups instead of individual persons, and in the language of military strategy instead of that of human suffering.*

In the near-six years since the first atom bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the general attitude of the American people has changed from its first shock of horrified revulsion to an almost complacent contemplation of the possible use of the bomb in the future to "discourage" aggression. So quickly can we sponge from our minds the pictures of dazed and bleeding people, and a city flattened to the ground, and the deadly dust of the fissionable atom.

But for those who lived through the bombings, and especially for the children, the pictures are still vivid, and the memories festering. A year ago there was published in Japan, under the title Living Under the Atom-Cloud, *a collection of simple, awful stories written by some of the children who were in Nagasaki that grim August 9. It aroused great interest in that country, and then in Germany, where it was translated by Professor Otto Karow.* FELLOWSHIP *is indebted to Prof. Karow, and David Tillson, of Yale Divinity School, who retranslated into English, for permission to publish these excerpts from that collection. We wish it were possible to have them read to everyone, everywhere.*—THE EDITORS.

Schoolboy Fujio Tsujimoto, at that time 6 years old:

I believe I escaped death when the atom bomb fell on Nagasaki only because I happened to be in the air-raid shelter on the boundary of our Yamazato grade school playground.

Of the many people who were in the school that day, only three of us escaped with our lives: my grandmother, my school comrade Tagawa, and I.

The sirens howled loudly. The old people and the children of Ueno Street sought shelter as usual in the air-raid basement. Inside the school the air-raid watch and the

first-aid people took their places. The wardens, the doctors, and many other grown-ups hurried past. Our teacher also took part in the preparations.

Since the airplanes were not sighted, the all-clear signal was sounded. Everyone left the cellar and went out into the air. We children tumbled out onto the playground making a lot of noise. The men and women also came over to rest themselves. There was a great crowd of people on the playground. . . .

Suddenly there was a loud explosion. The other children were fooling and quarreling too loud to hear it, but I grasped grandmother by the hand and ran with her towards the air-raid shelter.

"Enemy fliers, enemy fliers," a warden shouted. Horrified, the rest of the people stormed wildly toward the entrance of the cellar. Grandmother and I, who were at the front of the crowd, ran into the farthest corner.

There was a dazzling glare. A powerful gust of wind smashed me against the cellar wall. After some time I looked out of the cellar. Everywhere people lay so thickly on top of each other dead; only here and there one moved a leg or another raised an arm. Those who could still move crawled on all fours toward us in the cellar, which gradually became filled with wounded.

The row houses in the vicinity of the school were burning brightly. Our house too burned in a big blaze.

My brother and my little sisters had come into the shelter too late. They were badly burned. They sat beside me and cried. Grandmother took the rosary from her kimono and prayed.

I sat down at the entrance of the shelter and looked around, yearning for father and mother. Half an hour later my mother did come. Her whole body was bloody. Mother had been surprised by the attack while she was preparing dinner. I'll never forget the joy that I felt when I threw myself upon my mother. Full of worry we waited for father. He had gone away in the morning on warden duty.

The people who were still alive died one after another. They groaned in pain. The next day my young sisters died, and also mother, our beloved mother. Then my brother. I believed that I also would die. Everyone that was with us in the cellar died. Grandmother and I, however, had been the deepest into the shelter. The blast had not reached us. Therefore we remain alive, just we two.

Day after day we searched in vain among the many dead for our father.

Only a few remained alive. These carried a lot of wood on to the playground and burned the corpses. My brother was burned there too. Before my eyes my mother became ashes.

Grandmother said to me that when I come to Heaven I will see my mother again. Yes, but grandmother is already old. She will soon go to Heaven. But I, I am only a child and must live many, many years before I can be united with mother, whom I love more than anything, before I can again play with my brother and talk with my small sisters.

I am now attending the Yamazato grade school once more. I am now in fourth grade. The playground is cleaned up now and many of my school friends play there. Those children know nothing about the fact that many, many of their comrades died and were burned to ashes here. Even I run happily around the playground with my companions. But often and unexpectedly images of that horrible day leap up before me.

Then I throw myself down on the piece of earth where my mother was burned. My fingers tear the ground. If one bores deeper with a bamboo stick black ashes and charcoal come to the surface. When I look directly at the earth suddenly the face of my mother is visible in it. I rage when I see my school friends walk on that ground.

Grandmother goes every morning to Mass in the church. She prays with the rosary. "All is the will of God," she says to me. I wish I had such a pure heart as grandmother's.

Schoolgirl Sakue Kawasaki, at that time eleven years old:

For days bombs rained down on us. Day and night we lived in the great Aburagi-Tales shelter, eating and sleeping there. It was on the 8th of August that the attacks stopped. We returned home again.

For the first time in many days we all sat together around our table. As if she had a foreboding mother said thoughtfully, "If we must die, we will die now hand in hand."

And then came that 9th of August. . . .

The sirens howled. But none of us children wanted to separate from mother and go into the bunker. We were playing in the house. "Get busy and go," mother warned us over and over, "I am very uneasy today, as if something horrible may occur." We remained longer, undecided and joking. Finally mother offered us each a rice-ball if we would go away and drove us from the house. She alone remained in order to prepare for the safety of the house. She fetched water in the wooden basin, locked the shutters, and hurried back and forth.

The great public bunker in our district had been built at the foot of the mountain. We played inside with many other children.

Suddenly there came a greenish-yellow streak of lightning. A mighty wind threw me against the rock wall. I lost consciousness.

After some time I came to. The shelter was completely jammed with people. Where had they all come from? I could not estimate how many hundreds there were. And still they came, running, limping, staggering, and crawling through the entrance towards us. The faces of some were swollen and puffed up like pumpkins; others bled from many wounds, moaned, cried, and fell over each other. Almost all were naked, as if their clothes had been torn from their bodies.

Everyone in the bunker had burns or deep wounds on his body. This attack surely had been a big one! It was certainly no ordinary attack. I asked. The only answer I could get was, "Everything is destroyed." No one seemed to have any exact knowledge.

Parents called the names of their children. Howling children searched for their parents. Calls, cries, shouts, and groans mixed with

weeping were all heard at once and they echoed loudly back and forth between the walls of the shelter. I waited for hours. The air in the bunker began to stink. I could breathe only with effort. I felt very bad.

At 5 o'clock father hurried into the cellar. He was uninjured. We both cried for joy. He took me in his arms and made a path through the crowd and between the beams of the bunker out into the air. Oh how wonderful the air outside felt. I gathered courage and got ready to help the sick. It couldn't be called first-aid, though, since I didn't really know what to do in order to relieve their misery. So I asked, "What would you like?" Those whom I asked all replied, "Water, water, please." I searched all around the bunker for fresh water, but nowhere could I find any. Then I saw a small puddle of dirty yellow water in front of the bunker. I couldn't give the wounded ones that to drink. What should I do?

They came out of the air-raid shelter, limping and staggering. "Water, water." Wildly they plunged into the puddle. Eagerly they slurped up the yellow water. They seemed visibly satisfied and freshened and were getting ready to go when suddenly they all collapsed. They lay lifeless on the ground. I hurried over to them. They were dead. Still more came out of the bunker. These also drank and drank the water and also then collapsed dead. What kind of pitiful creatures these people were—to give their lives for a sip of water!

A woman searched for her child. She called out his name loudly. No answer. She ran around looking each dead person in the face. She threw herself with a heartrending cry on to one of the many corpses. It was her child. She pressed the body against her breast, shrilled his name into his ear, shook him, stroked his hands. Crazy from worry she sprang up.

This woman looked something like my mother. Her child my brother? I thought about my mother and brother.

Suddenly the woman let the corpse fall to earth and hurried away.

Someone poked me rudely from behind, "Why haven't you saved my child?" a voice called to me. I turned around and saw a woman with an insane look. It was that unhappy mother. It looked to me as if she wanted to choke me.

A student supported on the shoulder of a man limped up. My brother, a student of medicine! I hurried to meet him. He was pressing towards the fresh air.

While we were helping my brother along towards the bunker, a young man collapsed at the side entrance of the cellar. He was a neighborhood acquaintance. When I saw him my heart stopped beating in my body for horror. His body was ripped open. His intestines hung out. Probably he heard us coming for he cried out, as he was crumpling up with pain, "Give me something, I cannot stand the pain any more, give me something, kill me, give me a knife, Oh God, Oh God, who is there? Is there anyone?" He lost consciousness. I went nearer but he was already dead. I was very scared. Today my whole body trembles when I remember this.

That night I cared for my brother. I lived as in a dream. An

old woman out of the neighborhood came into the shelter. She was badly wounded. Since she was alone she helped care for my brother. She cared for him with all the love of a mother. Before morning dawned she died in terrible pain. And still my mother did not come.

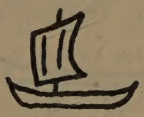
There was no doctor in the bunker. I accompanied my brother over to the university clinic in the morning. Two chimneys were left. One of them was bent in the middle like a U. Underneath they had put up a first-aid station. Only a few doctors and Sisters from the university were still alive. They had their hands full.

The professor gave my brother many injections. It was horrible to watch. But he would certainly become healthy this way! But it was in vain. Four days later in the evening he called to me in a weak voice, "Sakue, my sister, goodbye. We must separate. Study hard in school as I have done. Do as I have always told you. . . ." He seemed to want to say more. His mouth moved. But I heard nothing more. Thus he died.

How often had my brother said to me, "I will study hard so that I can become a good man and a busy doctor with a good calling in the world." His words are eternally in my memory; in my small head they are ever living.

After that I came back to our street. Our house was a pile of ruins and half burned down. I sat in front of it and waited for my mother and my older sister. I kept believing that mother would come back unexpectedly. I could not work and remained lost in thought.

Many people went past me. They searched among the dead for their loved ones. Then it occurred to me that maybe my mother and sister lay buried under the ruins of our house. I dug in the ashes, in the rubble, and in the wall-work. I did not find them no matter how much I dug. But driven to it somehow, I kept on digging. All at once



I pushed against something black and charcoaled. It was a corpse. Was it mother? Was it my sister? Was it one of the neighbors? Hurriedly I dug farther and finally laid the whole body free. The body was completely blackened. Then I found the head. It was, wonder of wonders, not burned. My sister! My sister whom I had yearned after every day. When I saw her face I smiled in joy. Then sorrow gripped me and I cried about her.

Mother was still missing. I searched for her everywhere in the next days. Was it a miracle? Was it the good spirit of mother that led me to a neighboring house? Here I found her. She had been to visit the neighbor woman. She had met her death in conversation. After I had brought the body of mother out my heart was lighter, although I cried and cried for sorrow. I wanted so much to get some flowers for her. But as far as the eye reached there was not a single green leaf. Everything living was dead.

About a week later each person burned his own dead for himself. In unnumbered unhappy places in the Uragami district funeral pyres flared up. My mother burned in the bright fire. My sister burned in the bright fire. I gathered their ashes in a small wooden pail. Mother and sister might be angry with me for that. But I had nothing else to take up the ashes in.

Schoolgirl Schizuko Kubo, at that time eight years old:

My sister and I sat in the air-raid shelter. Mother said that she was going into the field to get some cucumbers.

A short time after that it happened. A horrifying streak of lightning crossed the sky. Outside of the cellar there was a noise like a roll of thunder. I made myself small and cowered as close as I could to the ground. I had to think of mother outside and looked around. Weren't those cracking and flickering flames coming out of the windows of the university buildings nearby? And was this our secure little neighborhood? Everything was changed. Where was I? Had I been completely bewitched into another, unreal world?

I was terrified. I was in despair. Weeping, I cried out as loud as I could, "Mother, mother." My legs moved as if by themselves back to the mountain where our acres lay. Accidentally I met a woman from our neighborhood. She comforted me softly and took me with her into her house.

"Schizuko, my child, Schizuko." It seemed to me that mother called me. I was too terrified, however, to go alone in search of her. Then I got hold of myself and asked the neighbor woman. Together we went to the cucumber field.

"Schizuko, Schizuko"—again I heard the voice of mother whisper. At the boundary of the narrow field path stood a great stone. Beside it someone lay. Now I recognized my mother by her kimono. "Mother, mother," I called, hurrying over. Mother, however, did not answer "Schizuko" as always before.

Mother was bleeding. She had a completely altered face. I stared at her as if I were feebleminded. The sight was too horrible. I could not cry. The pain was too great. Mother had been smashed against the rock. Her head was shattered.

Ten days afterwards my father also died from the atom sickness. I think I lost my understanding. I could not cry this time either.

Grandfather took me with him. My small sister found lodging with an aunt. In the refuge of my grandfather's house the memory of my father and mother came over me after a while. This time I felt my pain and my tears flowed.

When I cried and was sad when my parents died, why didn't that make them both come back to life?

Schoolboy Akimitsu Ishihara, at that time ten years old:

On that day I was cleaning the water canals beside our rice field so that we could let water in. Sometimes I stopped up the holes in the pipe with earth. I stood behind a tree with both hands full of earth. Suddenly a yellow lightning streak . . . with a stroke the whole region became dark. I threw myself to the ground. Is this a dream? Am I really still alive? I said to myself flailing my arms around.

Meanwhile it became brighter. I got up and ran toward our house. Nearby I heard crackling and rustling noises. All the houses were aflame. Smoke began to come near me. My shirt was torn off. The sleeves had caught fire. I tried to put out the fire by crumpling up the sleeves but my hands had no strength. I burned my hands. The skin came off so that raw flesh was to be seen.

I lay a long time in a hospital and was operated upon. Even today one can see the great burns.

Schoolgirl Junko Miyata, at that time three years old:

The atom bomb fell on Nagasaki. My father was then in business. He died. All the houses in Nagasaki were done for. My beautiful doll was also done for. I don't like war.

Schoolgirl Michiko Ogino, at that time ten years old:

On that day in August the sun shone hot in a cloudless sky. My younger brothers and sisters and I played a game called "Mother and Child" with our dolls in our room on the first floor. Mother had gone to the fields. She was getting eggplants for dinner. On going she had asked me to light the fire in the hearth at eleven o'clock. The clock struck eleven. We were so lost in play, however, that I forgot my task.

Just by chance I raised my head and looked out the window. Suddenly there was bright lightning. Before I could speak for horror and surprise, I was thrown backwards. In a fraction of a second I lay buried under the house.

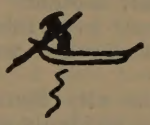
I could not move. The more I tried to move out of my dangerous position, the heavier became the weight of the house. It hurt a lot.

Then I saw my two sisters through a crack in the wall. How happy that made me. "Help, help," I called to them loudly. Both heard my voice and hurried over. With their help I tried to crawl out of the ruins, but the narrowly meshed bamboo screening of the walls stuck in between and could not be moved no matter how hard we shoved. "Have patience, be brave, soon our parents will come," I heard my sisters say to me comfortingly but with a tearful voice. "Wait only a little while, I will get help."

I stared through the narrow holes in the screening of the wall, directly towards the outside, hoping my parents would come.

My sister returned in a short while. She was accompanied by four or five soldiers. These dug me out.

I stepped out into the air. A fearful horror hit me.



In the morning the sun had shone brilliant in the skies. Now it was covered by deep clouds that cloaked the city like a terrifying dark enormity of a blanket. The last day of the world was here. We were going under.

Trembling in all my limbs, I staggered over to the air-raid shelter. On the way I heard the voice of my younger brother calling from the house: "Help, help." My sister had heard the call first. She hurried back and pulled our brother from underneath the bricks and timbers.

Suddenly we heard the whimpering of a child from the opposite side of the house. It was our smallest child, our two-year-old sister. Her little leg was caught between two giant timbers. She cried heartrendingly. Despite all their efforts the soldiers could not budge the timbers, not even a little. I held her in my arms to soothe her a little. What could we children do?

The soldiers had no suggestions. Since help was called for from other quarters, they left us and went over to the destroyed houses on the opposite side of the street to help there. All of them went; only we children remained.

How long mother was staying in the fields! Wouldn't she come back soon? Why was father delaying so long? The little leg of our small sister was still clamped between the boards. I was near despair. I stood on tiptoe and looked as far off as I could for our parents.

Someone came running up hurriedly. A woman with terribly mussed hair. She was naked. Her body was strangely darkened. She called with a loud voice. It was our mother. "Mother, mother!" I cried to her. Yes, now everything was all right. Now mother was here.

Everywhere in the city flames shot up. Our neighbor suddenly arrived coming from somewhere out of the flames. He tried with all his strength to move the timbers. They refused to yield. "I can't do it," he said, visibly tired. He excused himself and left.

It began to burn very close to us. Mother's face became deathly pale. And still father didn't come.

Mother looked lovingly at her child. She measured the beams with her glance. Then, decided, she pressed herself into a small cavity and took the load of a beam on her shoulder. She groaned under the load. She bit her lips and made a terrible grimace, then, slowly, the beam gave. The foot was free. Quickly our older sister pulled the two-year old out. Mother sprang to her and pressed the child to her breast.

It overcame me. I cried aloud. Mother offered me no sympathy, though, but crouched down. Now I observed her quietly.

She had been surprised in the fields by the attack. Her kimono had begun to burn and she couldn't get it off. Now she was fully naked. Her hair was singed as if in thick permanent waves. Numberless burns covered her body. A bright, watery liquid ran out of her. Her right shoulder, the one which she had used to move the beam, was out of joint. We saw the raw flesh. Blood oozed out slowly.

Mother sank powerless to the ground. Just in this moment, father, who was also very badly burned on all his limbs, staggered up.

Mother died that night in fearful pain.

To Be Continued

In this the year of the bomb
graying toward apex at midnight
the radio serial runs chattering:—a covered wagon jolting
pain and the dirty robbers being mean, dying.

Pull the roof over, that's 1850.
This is the year of the bomb.

Pull the roof over, be found at the sink.
Say you are ignorant; it's the twentieth century.
Prove it with hope:
"The wife was at the stove and I was drying. . . . "
Black out whenever you think,
soap on the pans,
the hands clean.

In this the year of the bomb.

—William Stafford

DOCK-WORKERS AND BANKERS GATHER TO HEAR AND HECKLE THIS MAN WITH

The Spirit of Prophets

By H. D. BOLLINGER

I TOOK THE UNDERGROUND to Holborn Station and walked to Kingsway Hall Methodist Church, of which the late Dr. Hugh Price Hughes had been pastor, and of which Dr. Donald Soper is now the dynamic, forceful and wonderful leader. Kingsway Hall should not be confused with Kingsley Hall of Muriel Lester fame. The former is in downtown London and the latter is on Bow street in the east end. Dr. Soper was in staff meeting and I waited half an hour to see him. As he emerged from the meeting, he introduced me to a Negro who is director of his choir. Dr. Soper and I chatted for a few minutes and then he suddenly looked at his watch, apologized, and said that today was Tower Hill day.

From previous experience, I knew what that meant, so I bade him goodbye and beat it for the nearest Underground to Tower Hill. Not far from the Underground station and within the sight of the famous Tower of London and the Tower Hill bridge across the Thames, is an open plaza. The back drop of scenery consists of some bombed out buildings, the Tower, the bridge and the Thames. On the plaza are hawkers trying to sell their cheap wares to the noonday crowds.

Promptly at 12:30 I saw Donald Soper jump up on a wall. I rushed over to get within hearing distance and was just in time to hear him begin. He spoke with deep concern of the international situation, and then asked the crowd if they had any questions. For the next one and a half hours, Dr. Soper submitted to such a barrage of questions, heckling, hissing, insult, praise and what not as I have never heard in my life. He is a perfect master at handling a crowd, and has a great background in English history, literature, politics, and current events. His sense of humor is a joy to behold. Across the street was a demolition crew working, and part of the time they had a compressed air hammer going, but Dr. Soper out-talked it.

Dr. Soper's ideas are a combination of Christian pacifism, socialism and a voice that speaks for and with the common man. In the great crowd, estimated conservatively at over a thousand, were dock workers, stenographers, street sweepers, bums, students, brick layers and a few wealthy people who drive up in their cars to hear him speak. His two chief hecklers were a very wealthy Tory with stiff black hat, yellow kid gloves, and spats, and a member of the London stock exchange. When, for a moment, the questions eased up a bit, Dr. Soper would preach a straight-out Christian sermon. The crowd could never be in doubt that this brave man represented the Man of Galilee. For twenty-five years, Dr. Soper

has been doing this at Tower Hill on Wednesday noons and in Hyde Park Sunday afternoons. He preaches twice on Sunday in his church, speaks in missions practically every night, organizes evangelistic, "witnessing" teams and supervises that vast institutional church of over sixty separate organizations.

When he was through speaking, Dr. Soper motioned to me to come forward. People were milling about, and to escape them, he grabbed my arm and we rushed for a taxi that had been placed in a suitable spot for the "get-away," a very well-dressed gentleman getting in with us. Dr. Soper relaxed, for he had been speaking at the top of his voice for an hour and a half on a very cold day. The other man opened a neat carrying case and produced a thermos bottle of hot broth, which he passed to Dr. Soper. Before long the taxi stopped in front of a bank, and when the gentleman had left us I asked Dr. Soper who he was. "One of my Tower Hill converts." Every Wednesday he provides the taxi, the hot broth and his Christian concern and care. Reluctantly, I bade Dr. Soper goodbye. I cannot agree with some of his ideas. There is no doubt, however, that he is a man of God, a spokesman for the common people, and a saint who renders practical service to his fellowmen. Would that all preachers were as brave!

The Other Stars Speak

"Be comforted, O God, by loyal duty.
Brood not on Earth, thy madly erring star.
Do not forever feel this mighty heart-break,
That awes thy universe, and threats to mar
The music of the spheres and all the beauty
Of the beginning, when the morning stars
Sang together for joy. Behold, e'en Mars
Glows great and gentle; Jupiter burns bright;
See Venus shining, mild as that first night
When thou didst look upon the world thou madest
And called it good. Lo, Vega's tranquil light.
Sweet influences from the Pleiades stream;
Orion's band fulfils thy golden dream.
Take solace, God. Earth's but a dingy speck
In boundless space. Thy other worlds are right.
The Saxon Caedmon called thee 'blithe-heart King.'
Be so once more; bid us rejoice and sing."

Said God, "My very Son did walk that planet.
Be still; ye know not what ye say."
The heavens were hushed; the heart of the All-Father
With fresh grief pierced; the war-lords held full sway.

—Irene S. Eldridge

Some of the hidden effects of our actions are analyzed in—

WHAT IS LEFT TO DO?

By A. J. MUSTE

PEOPLE IN MY AGE GROUP have moved, since their graduation from college in pre-World War I days, out of what many regarded as the dawn of the era of permanent peace into what may, with considerable accuracy, be described as an era of permanent war. It is a remarkable and saddening fact that during this very period the old ideas of the glamor of war, or its function to determine which peoples are fit to survive, have almost completely disappeared. In the era of permanent war everybody is for peace, not least those who are most intensively preparing for war.

During these five decades countless proposals for peace have been made. Numerous campaigns, large and small, have been waged on their behalf. "If all these proposals were laid end to end," somebody once remarked, "it would be a very good thing." At any rate, they do lie end to end or in other formations strewn across the earth. But the constructive, positive, realistic proposals for peace—disarmament, Point IV, negotiations, world government—remain on the verbal level. People are endlessly busy with "proposing proposals."[1]

In the meantime, on the level of political reality, the power struggle continues, the armaments race rages, and the modern Leviathans, the power states, roll relentlessly across the planet. Pacifism and specifically pacifist proposals, incidentally, are quite generally regarded even by pacifists as idealistic, negative, politically irrelevant, possibly sectarian. There are individuals who by inward conviction "have" to be pacifist, but from day to day they should, it is felt, devote themselves, along with other nonpacifist, peace-minded people, to the advocacy of "concrete" proposals for peace such as those mentioned a moment ago.

It is clear that the question must be faced as to why, in the face of all the peace activity, the appropriations for arms mount steadily, the arsenals are stocked with ever more diabolical weapons, and the trend toward war continues.

The peace plans and peace campaigns are, in my opinion, inadequate both with respect to the nature and content of the programs they set forth and with respect to the force or dynamic that is put behind them. Taking the second point first, it seems to me that the situation may be stated in these terms: If a general issued a call to arms and a million men promised to respond, but he knew from past experience that as a matter of fact only a hundred thousand would show up when the war actually got under way, the general would base

[1] See pamphlet, The Paranoia Race, by Alexander Mebane, nuclear chemist. Fellowship Publications, 21 Audubon Avenue, New York 32, N.Y.

his battle plans on the assumption that he had a hundred thousand soldiers, not a million. Similarly when a million people protest against our foreign policy, declare that they are against war and for peace, call for renewed negotiations with the Kremlin and all the rest; but our political and military leaders know that in the showdown, when the war comes to which the policies against which all these citizens protest inexorably lead, all but a thousand perhaps will "go along" again, then the "realistic" peace advocates who think that their "proposals" are going to stop the arms race and the power struggle are the utopians.

What Is the Dynamic?

In other words, behind any policy or proposal, there has to be real force, a dynamic. There is force of a very real, albeit material, kind back of contemporary governmental policy. There is genuine and effective spiritual force, not in words, but in people who actually withdraw support from the enginery of military force. This force may even be, as Herbert Read suggests in his *Education for Peace,* "an absolute force," as well as "the only kind which does not corrupt those who wield it." In any case, it represents power—"soul-force," in Gandhi's familiar phrase—especially when those who wield it accept suffering on behalf of their faith. This introduces genuine realism into peace campaigns. Without it, these campaigns have, in my opinion, no reality and no power.

The other point that seems to me of vast importance is that for the most part the plans for peace deal with symptoms, side issues or by-products rather than with the crucial issue of power. They underestimate the seriousness of this crucial issue and, consequently, of the measures required to meet it. To illustrate, a "working party" set up by the American Friends Service Committee recently published a report.[2] It is highly critical of present United States foreign policy, which fails "to achieve the real international objectives of the American people." In these circumstances, the report states, "a critic has the responsibility of suggesting the outlines of a realistic alternative."

The key-words "real" applied to the international objectives of the American people, and "realistic" applied to a program that the critics may submit to Congress and Mr. Truman, show up again. Later on we are told what they are supposed to mean. "A general settlement with the Soviet Union," including universal disarmament, is regarded as possible, though complicated and difficult. And the way in which this is to be brought about is through the renewal of negotiations, "since the only alternative to attempting to reach a decision by force is to attempt to reach one by negotiation and diplomacy."

Diplomacy and War

This assumes that negotiation and diplomacy, even where what nations regard as vital issues are involved, constitute *an* alternative —not to mention the *only* alternative—to force. Diplomacy is over here in this category and force is over there in an entirely distinct one. It is likewise assumed that the White House and the Kremlin

[2] *Steps to Peace: A Quaker View of U. S. Foreign Policy.*

—to use these symbolic terms—constituted as they now are and representing the forces which they represent, can one of these days abandon force and turn to diplomacy and negotiation.

This seems to me entirely unrealistic. When the representatives of great powers sit down to negotiate, do they act, or even talk, as if their respective military establishments did not exist? And if these military establishments and the national "interests" which they back up are there, do they not determine what can be "negotiated" and how? If we were talking about the heads of rival gangs who brought their guns into the negotiations, we would not fail to see the point. Is it less relevant when the arsenals consist of atomic weapons, instead of just machine guns?

The power state, where crucial issues are involved such as immigration, let us say, or the size and effectiveness of military establishments, exists precisely in order to exercise power—for which "sovereignty" is a euphemism—to maintain and extend power, and to meet rival power with power. Why else, when someone suggests that a nation should abdicate power, does virtually everyone dismiss that as utter utopianism? And can power be there and be something else than power, or fail to regard any power not on its side as hostile?

In the case of modern Leviathans such as Russia and the United States—these "mortal gods," in Hobbes' phrase—the power is increasingly just naked power. There is no longer any restraint as to the means to be employed when the state is really threatened. Even most Christian teachers agree that in such extremity atomic war must be risked, atomic weapons used "in retaliation with all possible restraint."[3] It is in the nature of the White House and Kremlin as now constituted to match power with power—that is, to fight each other. The arms race between them is not an accident or excrescence which one day somebody will think of flicking off. It is of the very nature of such power states. The White House and Kremlin cannot "coexist peacefully," unless each undergoes a revolutionary change.

Peaceful Co-Existence?

Projects that proceed on the assumption that on a give and take basis communism and democracy or Christianity can be made to "coexist peacefully" seem to me equally doomed to frustration. No real Communist believes they can. The "realists" in both camps who believe that one or the other must dominate are in a sense more nearly right than many peace workers. The analogy often presented of how Christianity and Mohammedanism, or Catholicism and Protestantism, learned to live together, at the most might mean that after a century or two of war the contending systems of our own day might learn to live together. But that disposes at once of the idea that we have here some evidence that war can be avoided in our day. Secondly, just what will remain after a century or so of atomic war? Perhaps, in order to

[3] This is a phrase from the Dun (Bishop Angus Dun of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, D. C.) Commission Report submitted to the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S. For the way in which the doctrine of the "lesser evil" is developed in the "paranoid ethics" of modern power states, see the Alexander Mebane pamphlet already referred to.

be sure to prevent misunderstanding, I ought to add that for Christians to attempt to resolve by violence the conflict we are here discussing means, in my opinion, to stultify themselves and to betray Christianity.

The Rivals

There is no time to elaborate the point, but we should at least note that the idea that communism and "capitalism" can exist side by side in "one world" and that they can engage in a peaceful rivalry, is also speculative. There is not the least evidence—unless speeches made for consumption by the other side are regarded as evidence—that the policy makers on either side think in any terms except war. An analogy that has real point here is the problem posed by the existence of the slave economy and the rising industrial economy in the United States a century ago. The problem *might* have been resolved without a terrible war—but not on the basis of the "peaceful co-existence" of the two systems. Something more radical and realistic than that was required. If we pause to reflect for a moment on what it would mean to transform the economy of the United States or of the Soviet Union from a war to a peace basis, we shall have a further indication of how typical peace plans underestimate the revolutionary character of the changes that are required for peace, and an additional reason why the peace plans are in the end always so ruthlessly brushed aside.

It will be said that if the nations would only disarm and set up a world government, these problems could be solved. I have no doubt of that. But that only brings us around again to what we have been saying about the reasons why these eminently sensible proposals do not get anywhere, while the power-machines grind relentlessly on. It brings us also to another question as to the strategy of the peace movement.

What Is Realistic?

The assumption that underlies much of this strategy is that we must bring to Truman, Acheson, and the chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee proposals that they will accept as practical, that they are likely to adopt and that will resolve the international stalemate and lead away from war to peace. Pacifists who do not do this are "irresponsible" or at least "unrealistic." Sometimes when I hear these suggestions, I wonder what "constructive" and "practical" proposals for peace pacifists would make to the Pentagon or the Joint Chiefs of Staff. That they could get along with fewer atomic bombs? I suppose most pacifists would recognize that a military establishment is something you have to get rid of, that the only thing one can say to a general is that he ought to put up his sword—or at least begin thinking very seriously about it.

To suppose that an entirely different approach can be made to the State Department implies that the Defense and the State Departments are two quite separate entities, that one is an instrument, let us say, of the American power state and of certain economic interests, and is charged first of all with American "security," and the other is not a part of the same organism and has essentially different in-

terests and functions. Surely this is not the case.

Parts of One Whole

Furthermore, the notion that the business of the Defense Department is war and that of the State Department is peace is actually a part of the process that leads to war and by which war is waged. As we remarked at the outset, in the present era war preparations can proceed only in the name of peace. It is held necessary in the atomic age for one nation to stockpile atomic weapons, since that is the only way in which the other nation might be deterred from using them! This is the reasoning of our most liberal and "peace-loving" statesmen and of our most respected theologians. In modern times it is, therefore, the liberals who take nations into war—Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson, Ernest Bevin and Franklin Roosevelt. The conservatives could not take the masses into war because everybody knows they are the warlike people and war is bad; but the liberals are for peace and when they, having striven for peace, at last declare that there is no longer any honorable alternative to war, then, of course, it must be so and the people go along. War preparation can go on, therefore, only if the people are, as it were, lulled to rest with the feeling that while the arsenals are being stocked peace is still possible and efforts to achieve peace are being made. The various "peace" campaigns that proceed on the assumption that within the existing context, short of revolutionary changes, the men in office in various countries can be persuaded to stop the trend to war and bring about peace, actually serve—contrary to the wishes, of course, of many honest participants in them—as the necessary screen behind which war preparations can go on. If the people knew the naked truth, they *might* rebel.

The Wish for Peace

Most people in the western world see that this is true of the Soviet or Communist-inspired "peace" campaigns, and we ought to be able to realize, therefore, that multitudes who sign their petitions sincerely wish for peace. But we rightly point out that in the meantime Soviet military preparations go steadily forward, and so the "peace" activity is essentially a fraud, an instrument of a war policy. But Communists point out that behind the American governmental professions of peace and the American "peace" campaigns, American military preparations go forward. They point out that Walter Reuther is a leading liberal and peace advocate in the American labor movement and the author of a "Plan" that is lauded in many quarters as a "constructive" peace plan; but that Reuther supports the Truman "containment" policy and war preparations, thousands of his union's members do war work, and at the recent national convention of the United Auto Workers Union the loudest and most spontaneous applause greeted a speaker who suggested dropping the atom bomb on Moscow. The Communists charge that all this "peace" activity is, therefore, a screen for a war policy, that it helps to hide the truth from the people, and so on. And while they are mistaken in many instances in charging this to deliberate hypocrisy, it seems to me

we ought to face the fact that in the objective sense their analysis is essentially correct, and this ought to lead us to a re-evaluation of our "peace" activity.

Political Relevance

How then shall we work for peace? I think that pacifists ought to concentrate on their own main and distinctive job. We should by word and life proclaim the pacifist gospel. We should strive to win the churches to make a clean break with war and to constitute a truly supra-national fellowship of "the terrible meek." We should call upon the nation to repent, to get out of the diabolical business of preparation for atomic and biological war, whatever it may cost, and to place its tremendous resources at the service of mankind. I think, in other words, that our appeal to the people should be basically on moral or prophetic grounds, for I do not believe that anything but a profound change on the psychological and spiritual level can make possible the kind of political action that might save this nation. Only if it ceased to be concerned about its own power or immortality and developed instead a devotion to God and, therefore, a concern for mankind could this take place.

Some will say this is utterly mad; some that this is all that is left, but it is "politically irrelevant" and means giving up any attempt to stop World War III. I have made it clear that I do not believe that the various "peace" plans, which stop short of pacifism, and the campaigns for these plans which do not touch the central question of the power struggle, can do anything to stop World War III. I think *they* are politically irrelevant, unless serving as a screen for war preparations constitutes relevance. On the other hand, if pacifism were adopted, it is not *guaranteed* that it would "work" in the sense of averting global war. Certainly it would *not* be a painless and costless policy. Why should it be regarded as natural for a nation to stake its existence on atomic war, as we are doing today, but absurd to stake it on a policy of good will and nonviolence?

The Spiritual Climate

Pacifism *might* work even in the sense of averting the catastrophe of global war, for in the changed spiritual climate that adoption of pacifism would involve, much that is now utterly excluded might by the grace of God become possible. Pacifism, furthermore, can be practised daily in the home, in the way we make a living, and so on; and there may be more "political" reality and relevance in such actions than in many words intended to "change the course of history." If, as was the case when the Roman Empire collapsed, catastrophe cannot be averted, the great question, both from the standpoint of history or time and from the standpoint of eternity, will still be whether there are some who will be citizens of the City of God whose foundation stone is love, rather than devotees of the City of This World which, in the great words of Augustine, seems able to dominate and destroy all, but is itself dominated and destroyed by "its own lust for power."

NEW FRONTIERS, A NEW WORLD, ARE OPEN TO THE POSSIBILITY OF

A War of Astonishing Kindness

By FRANK C. LAUBACH

Luke 21:28. "Now, when these things begin to take place, look up and raise your heads, because your redemption is drawing near."

IN THE WORK OF LITERACY with the backward peoples of the world, I believe that we have seen the way to save our age from threatening disaster. Those of us who are engaged in this work feel like a gold prospector who returns with a few nuggets and announces that he has found the world's greatest gold mine. Twenty years of travel and contact with illiterate masses and with fifty governments have revealed a marvelous open door into the under-privileged world in Asia, Africa and Latin America.

The first fact to recognize is that two-thirds of the human race must spend their time looking for food, all day, every day, willing to do anything to get enough to eat. They are full of disease and despair, and are constantly being swindled and oppressed. They seldom smile, and when they sing their songs are sad. Now they have developed a desperate determination to better their condition. They are pathetically easy to deceive because they want help, and will believe anybody who offers to help them up.

These are the people we have been teaching to read. Three-fifths cannot write their own names, cannot read a line. The news has gone about that the reason they are hungry and swindled is that they are ignorant, and the reason we have so much is that we know how to get it. They throng to reading classes, and the throngs grow larger every year.

In Dondi, Angola, last year the missionaries let out the word that we were going to teach adults. Thousands came, and the missionaries in desperation sent home everybody who had come less than ten miles. Then they had to feed 1200 people a day while they were taught to read. Two schools were dismissed and the boys and girls trained to teach, each one teach two. At the end of a week we had a graduation service for 396 who had finished the first book. At Wembo Nyama a man walked for days, and told the nurse he had heard they had an injection for ignorance. She brought him to us, and when we taught him to read he had hysterics of weeping and laughing at once.

They go hysterical quite frequently. In Blantyre, Nyasaland, we taught three old women, and when they found how easy it was to read they lost their heads completely, and danced up and down in glee, shaking both hands all the way down the church and out the door. At Leopoldville we taught a crowd for three days and then announced that we had to leave. To my dismay the whole crowd began to wail and shriek and start toward

me as though they would tear me to pieces. I told the interpreter, "Tell them that the classes will go on and that we are going to find more people to help them." As I went out of the door those women were still moaning and shaking with tears. They are the illiterate billion of the world, and they are like drowning people with one last chance to escape.

The Need

Why this terrible longing to get rid of ignorance? Here is an illustration of their problem:

Abdul Lateef is serving with the Eighth Army in North Africa. He learned to read after he enlisted—the authorities saw to that. But when he writes a letter to his old mother in India, who will read it for her? At another time he sends some of his pay to her; he hopes she will get it—but what if the postman takes the wrong person's thumb-mark for the money order receipt? And if she runs short of money and goes to the money-lender, and he gives her twenty rupees and puts down forty-five in his books, how can she know the difference?

To the remotest corners of the world we have found this vast multitude with open arms, the most enormous open door since Christ walked the earth; easy to get as a domino is to push over; easy to help as a starving man is to feed.

But we are not the only ones who have taken an interest in them. The Communists, out to conquer the world, have found these hungry people just as easy as we have. The Communists have stirred up their desire, and we must fulfill them.

This Communist threat has helped us in another surprising way, it has made the governments eager for help. Fifty-five governments say that the masses are burning with desire to better their condition, and that the Communists tell the masses that the government is the enemy, and urge them to overthrow it and establish a Communist government. The governments want to fulfill the demand of the people for literacy and have heard that the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature can solve their problem.

In the 64 countries where I have worked, they are teaching from ten to twenty million people a year how to read. This gives us another tremendous problem: to get the right matter written simply and interestingly for these illiterate millions. A hundred million people outside the Iron Curtain have learned to read in the past twenty years, and they are all hungry for reading matter. The Voice of America cannot reach them, because most of them have no radios, but when we teach them to read we put a radio into their minds.

This is the vision that makes us optimistic in this dark hour. Our military method of containing communism in Korea is on the rocks. People all about us look bewildered and depressed. But I have a belief that God is compelling us to try another kind of war: an all out World War of Astonishing Kindness. We have been doing something through missions and through government and philanthropy, and it has been a paying investment, where it was tried. Perhaps when we see clearly that hot weapons cannot win a cold war we will try to conquer the world with loving service. Our missionaries are the soldiers of love

throughout the world, the finest group of Christians in the world. They have worked miracles with love and are in retreat only because they are so terribly outnumbered.

The world abroad, whether in Africa or Asia or Latin America, is not the problem. You can have them whenever you want if you go and serve them selflessly. Our problem is the United States—our own nation. How can we persuade the United States of America to be unselfish enough to go out and win the world's heart without asking profit in return? The Point Four program was a proposal to share technical knowledge and give economic assurance, but there has been much opposition to it, and in any case it is hardly a drop in the bucket compared with the need. Some suggest letting private enterprise do it for profit; but private enterprise cannot win a cold war for profit. There are three great areas where it is not profitable to do anything: health, education, and aid to small farmers. These are things government and missions must do. Thirty-six million dollars is all that the government has invested in Point Four so far, and that is not enough. It ought to be billions.

However, we cannot leave it all to the government. There should be an all-out, nationwide cooperation among all kinds of organizations, the government and the United Nations, international business, philanthropy, and especially foreign missions. The mission boards should send out a great many more missionaries with technical skills that the world needs.

This war of kindness must be waged on Russia and China, as well as other countries. We are being outsmarted. We are maneuvered into fighting one another. We wonder whether we *want* to help people *very* much. We are allowing missions to deteriorate. Religious and liberal people in this country have had to join Mrs. Pandit in an effort to persuade the United States government to give our friend India two million tons of grain, when our warehouses are bursting. Why are we so foolish? We have a genius, it seems to me, for losing friends; and it need not be.

Give Thyself

How can we get the money to compete with Russia? If we knew this to be a war of loving kindness I believe the people would be willing to be taxed for it. And if Christians and Jews knew that we must conquer the world with love or lose it, they would give a *tithe* of their money to save the world and themselves and their country.

The Voice of America is trying to tell the world that Russia is a fraud and is trying to enslave them, but the West has a terrible history to live down in Asia and Africa. We have been too often a fraud with our Christianity. While a few go out to uplift those people, we have sent out many to exploit their poverty. Now nothing is going to convince those Asiatic and African peoples that we have changed our ways but unselfish kindness without exploitation.

I mean giving ourselves, our best friendship. I mean sending a hundred thousand of the best people we've got in the United States.

Emerson has been quoted as saying "Rings and jewels are not gifts —they are apologies for gifts. The

(*Continued on Page* 32)

News from the Peace Front

F.O.R. to Work in Church, College Retirement Age Set at 65

Meeting in New York on May 30 and 31, with 27 Council members and nine National Staff members making for an unusually large and representative gathering, the National Council of the Fellowship discussed the role of pacifism today and the job and problems of the FOR in detail.

In the middle of April some members of the Council and staff held a retreat at Pendle Hill, and the findings of this group were discussed by the full Council. Probably one of the most important points taken up at Pendle Hill was that of the value of political activity by pacifists under conditions like those now prevailing. It seemed to be the general feeling that the chances that Congress, e.g., would adopt measures reversing the trend toward war are very slim. This does not mean that engaging in the usual kind of political activity may not have educational value. But we should emphasize the full pacifist message in an attempt to bring about a change in the spiritual atmosphere that might again make political action relevant. Many members will, of course, continue to work on political issues, and the FOR should expand its job of analysis and education in terms of American foreign policy and the issues involved in war and pacifism both for the benefit of members who wish to engage in political action and those who do not, and for other pacifist and near pacifist groups.

The major work of the FOR, as suggested by the retreat and confirmed by the Council, will be in churches and colleges, and to some extent in high schools, the latter probably mostly through the production of literature. Other activities that should be continued, although not given primary emphasis, are race relations, support of COs, aid to those in need, retreats and aiding the development of the spiritual life. The development of local FOR groups was discussed at some length, and it was emphasized that it is always the aim of the FOR and the job of the staff to stimulate the grass roots membership to a maximum of FOR activity, and to service members and local groups.

Personnel

The Council decided that retirement from administrative duties at the age of 65 should be instituted for all FOR personnel, with the proviso that any individual could be asked to continue in an executive position for any period after that up to 68. Beyond that point individuals who were willing might be asked to continue serving the Fellowship in some special capacity as long as they were able.

The Personnel Committee headed by John Oliver Nelson, which had made that recommendation, also reported that it is considering the possibility of bringing a new person onto the staff, someone between the ages of 40 and 45 who could contribute a message, preaching ability and churchmanship. It is considering the names of some in-

dividuals and would like to have more.

A. J. Muste and Nevin Sayre, both of whom are over 65, were asked to continue in their present positions until the age of 68.

Youth Conference

The staff recommended the holding of a Youth Conference on the Church and War on Thanksgiving weekend, and the Council heartily approved the idea, with the suggestion that the Church Peace Mission be asked to endorse and encourage this move, which it has done. The Conference would be sponsored by an interdenominational group of young people chiefly from colleges and theological schools, but including some high school students.

Vocational Pacifism

The Council discussed the position of some FOR members who, although they may consider themselves pacifists, believe that the UN action in Korea is genuine police action and may be a necessary, though crude, step in building the machinery of international cooperation. On this basis they differ from the position previously expressed by the Council condemning the action in Korea as a war, even though many wished it to be something else.

The Council felt that each member must think through his own beliefs, and that all who consider themselves pacifists and have a sense of "belonging" in the Fellowship should, in spite of differences of opinion, retain their membership. It was felt, on the other hand, that the pacifist position has objective as well as subjective validity, and FOR cannot sanction any form of war.

Composition of Council

It was pointed out that many of the members of the Council are too busy to attend Council meetings, although there is value to the FOR in having it known that they are on it and in having them read the minutes and confer by mail on FOR policies. It was decided to have an Advisory Board of not more than 25 members, elected by the Council at its fall meeting, and composed of "elder statesmen" and others who could be consulted from time to time. They would be full voting members of the Council whenever they found it possible to attend.

The National Council would be a separate body, and those elected to it would be expected to attend at least half of the meetings during their term except in cases of emergency and of people on the West Coast. In nominating and electing National Council members emphasis should be placed on securing youth and others who are active in state and local FOR groups.

It was decided to hold future fall meetings of the Council on the weekend after Thanksgiving weekend, beginning Thursday evening and ending Saturday noon; and spring meetings will begin the second Thursday evening in May and end Saturday noon.

Financial

Contributions from the general membership had fallen off slightly this year, as compared with last year, although new members have been coming into the FOR almost twice as fast this year as last, thus somewhat recouping a slight decline since the war. Contributions, however, were $44,533 for January through May 1951, as compared with $46,472 in the same period last year.

CO Provisions in New Draft Law

House and Senate conferees have agreed to place COs under the control of their local draft boards, which will be empowered to order IVE COs to go into certain types of work. The new law reads in part that a CO may ". . . be ordered by his local board, subject to such regulations as the President may prescribe, to perform for a period equal to the period prescribed in section 4 (b) such civilian work contributing to the maintenance of the national health, safety, or interest as the local board may deem appropriate and any such person who knowingly fails or neglects to obey any such order from his local board shall be deemed, for the purposes of section 12 of this title, to have knowingly failed or neglected to perform a duty required of him under this title. . . ." There is no provision in the law for appeal by a man classified IVE from any type of work the local board may "deem appropriate." The maximum penalty for violation of the law is five years imprisonment and $10,000 fine.

Probably if it later seems advisable to the government, some camps similar to CPS could be set up, but the Conference Report on the bill says: "The language agreed to by the House and Senate conferees will permit the President to prescribe the types of employment to which conscientious objectors may be assigned, but such employment will not be performed through the establishment of, or assignment to, national work camps."

When these provisions were made public the Executive Committee of the Fellowship of Reconciliation immediately submitted a memorandum to the Senate and House conferees, strongly opposing this and urging that complete deferment be retained. The memorandum presents reasons in favor of deferment, and criticisms of the proposal that local boards should do the job of assignment. In addition, it questions again a provision "which has caused us concern and grief," the narrow definition of the term conscientious objector under the law. It urged that "recognition be granted to those who are conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form."

The CCCO has put out a memorandum of law, primarily for the assistance of lawyers defending COs who have refused to submit to induction. Write to them at 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

It points out, for one thing, that there is now some possibility of obtaining judicial review of the cases of COs who are ordered to submit to induction, but that the CO must report as ordered but refuse to submit to induction.

Friends Delegation Goes to Russia

At the end of June the news was released that seven British members of the Society of Friends had accepted an invitation to go to Russia, and would leave on July 14. This good will mission hopes, to whatever extent is possible, to strengthen prospects of world peace through East-West understanding. The group consists of Gerald Bailey, Kathleen Lonsdale, B. Leslie Metcalf, Margaret A. Backhouse, E. Mildred Creak, Paul S. Cadbury and Frank Edmead, all active workers for peace.

Retreat Concern at National Council

In response to a widely felt need for a deepening of the spiritual life and a more adequate response to the problems of our time, the National Council of the FOR at its May meetings established a Retreat Committee with Francis Hall, Corinne Bowers, Ruth Neuendorffer, John Thomas, Charles Walker and Glenn Smiley participating. It was anticipated that a similar committee would be set up on the West Coast. The Committee is composed of people with a deep concern for this job, and will be glad to hear from others with a similar concern.

They plan to investigate different disciplines, publications of various kinds that will be of help to retreatants, and to stimulate the use of retreats. Write to Francis Hall, Route 1, Box 72A, Frenchtown, New Jersey.

California Students Oppose War

On April 14 at Chapman College in Southern California more than seventy students from 14 different colleges in the area met and launched the Southern California Student Federation Against War, a combination of Socialist, pacifist and peace-minded student groups. After a day-long struggle by pacifists and socialists against domination by Communists and Communist sympathizers, precipitated by a resolution condemning both Russian and American militarism, the Communists withdrew from the conference.

The Federation held a public demonstration for peace in Los Angeles on May 19, Armed Forces Day, marching up Broadway with posters and distributing leaflets. It is not a membership organization, but consists of affiliated groups, each of which has a member on the Federation's policy committee.

UMT Passes but Must Be Reconfirmed

A limited victory for anti-UMT forces was won in the revised draft act, under which the House and Senate conferees agreed to the appointment of a civilian commission on military training to study the subject and bring in recommendations to Congress, probably within six months. Senator Richard Russell (D., Ga.), chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and Rep. Carl Vinson (D., Ga.), chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, said they expected this would result in legislation to authorize six months of military training for all boys reaching the age of 18, but it was learned that the armed forces will push for a full year of training.

The original Senate bill provided for a similar study of the subject, but under it UMT would actually have gone into effect after the report of the commission, unless Congress voted against it. Under the present law, UMT will not go into effect unless Congress again votes on the question, and authorizes it. Some feel that this makes UMT less likely, while others think that the present bill has, in effect, accepted the principle of UMT and that further Congressional approval is almost a foregone conclusion.

Peace Personalities Abroad

Britons Appeal for New Economics

Twelve British employers and officials engaged in commerce and industry have tried to discharge their responsibility for Christian leadership and to present an alternative to a war-based society and communism. Their statement has been released by Ernest Bader, Managing Director of Scott Bader & Co., Ltd. It is essentially this:

1. Since not only the power politics of Governments, but also the profit seeking of Capitalists and the pressure for higher wages on the part of the employed are causes of war, we all need to ponder over the problem of conducting our individual and corporate life in accordance with the demands of peace against the current of a Society war;

2. We appeal to all, particularly business men, to consider the extent to which violence resides in demands we make on the earth's resources and raw materials because of a self-indulgent existence and what personal contributions may be made at this point;

3. The principle of co-ownership in industry represents an essential step;

4. By co-ownership we mean undertakings are communally owned and cooperatively run, leadership founded on approval rather than dictation, within a framework of freedom of conscience and obedience to God.

5. We are committed to a reconstruction of society which excludes participation in industrial strife and international war, and a determination to refuse to take an active part in rearmament and to make money out of miseries of our fellow men by supplying goods for war purposes, however, granting others freedom of action.

6. Realizing the dilemma in which paying taxes and making other indirect contributions places us, we do not believe that this forces us to bend our knees to the military machine. We recall that social progress has always had its roots in minority opposition.

7. We believe that the acceptance and fulfillment of these principles necessitates individual discipline and social conditions essential for a new society.

Swiss C.O. Challenges Churches

René Girard, called to conscientious objection while looking after an orphanage in France, and returning to Switzerland expressly to refuse military service, opened up church circles formerly closed to the question of conscientious objection as based on the Gospels, through pastors of his church at Geneva and the Student Christian Movement. In prison for three months, he will undoubtedly be called up again after his release to do the service he refused before, and sentenced again. It is hoped that this incident may help to convince the Church that it is high time to insist on legal recognition for COs and an alternative form of national service, reports Elizabeth Monastier, FOR secretary in Switzerland.

German W. R. I. Campaigns in Hamburg

A recent report from the German group of the War Resisters International says "Many polls have been taken in the cities by various organizations. The results always show a vast majority (76% to 94%) in favor of legal recognition of COs and an almost equally large majority (69% to 91.3%) against militarization of Germany and military service. . . .

"Our first major move was started in Hamburg in January. We had 600 large posters posted all over the town which, being quite a novel thing in this country, caused quite a 'shock.' At the same time we had eighty thousand copies of a handbill printed, which was distributed from house to house. In the course of six weeks we have nearly quadrupled the number of our members and we get new ones every day. . . . The public meeting we held at the end of the campaign proved very successful: We had some 600 people present, without the cooperation of any other peace organization.

"We do not imagine, of course, that we have achieved our purpose. . . . Four hundred war resisters in a town of 1,500,000 inhabitants is like a drop in a pool. . . . Still we have made a successful start and we are not at the end of our resources."

Canadian Premier Questions Foreign Policy

Premier T. C. Douglas of Saskatchewan, Canada, in February told the provincial legislature that he felt the people of Saskatchewan would fight to defend freedom, but were not prepared "to send their sons to be slaughtered in foreign fields to bolster up discredited regimes. . . . We cannot allow the desire to stop aggression to act as a cloak to force Syngman Rhees, Chiang Kai-sheks or other sawdust Caesars on people who don't want them." He was speaking in defense of the policies of the Canadian Commonwealth Federation, which he said identified itself with the "third force" which opposed the "slavish" following of either American or Russian policies. This force, he said, included not only India and Burma, but Britain, France and the Scandinavian countries.

Premier Douglas declared that he was prepared to call a provincial election on the issue, if necessary, and was confident that its results would support the CCF policy.

In answer to a letter of congratulation from Canadian FOR-member Alec C. Beasley, Mr. Douglas wrote in part: "I am convinced that we must do something about the root causes that have produced this aggression, namely fear and poverty. It may well be that nothing we can do will prevent the world from sliding into another morass of bloodshed, but I am convinced that there are a lot of people like myself who are prepared to explore every avenue in an attempt to find a peaceful solution if it is at all possible to do so."

Three high school boys were suspended in Omuda, Japan, because they failed to fight back when one of them was attacked by a group of students. The school principal said they failed to live up to "the spirit of self defense."

Jottings

In February Victor Gollancz of Britain wrote a letter to the newspapers there, calling for an immediate conference with Russia to bring about a cease-fire in Korea, and an international fund to raise the standard of living in impoverished countries. He urged people to send in a postcard simply saying "Yes" if they agreed, and by May had received 10,000.

* * *

The Protestant Episcopal Diocese Convention of Long Island adopted, on May 16, a resolution praising General MacArthur's "fearlessness and piety." Several delegates who questioned the propriety of the resolution were shouted down, and it was adopted by a voice vote over considerable opposition.

* * *

The faculty of Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, has invited the Army to install an ROTC unit on the Antioch campus.

* * *

The Preferred Risk Mutual Insurance Company of Des Moines, Iowa, sells insurance only to total abstainers. They are thus able to offer lower premiums to these people because they do not need to include in their calculations provision for accidents of drunken drivers.

* * *

CARE has a 24-pound, $5 "family package" and a 710-pound, $125 "institutional package" featuring surplus foods for India. Recipients are designated by CARE or other welfare agency representatives. Regular $10 Indian food packages may be sent to designated addresses.

The University of California's special non-Communist loyalty oath, because of which 18 professors were fired last summer, has been declared in violation of the state constitution by the Third District Court of Appeals in California. The court ordered the professors reinstated.

* * *

Maryland's Ober Act, which requires a loyalty oath from every state employee and from candidates for state and city office, was upheld by the U. S. Supreme Court on April 12. It was under this law that Dr. Miriam Brailey, Dorii Shamleffer and Elizabeth Haas, all FOR members and Friends, lost their jobs in Baltimore.

* * *

J. Passmore Elkinton reported that he did not bring suit to stop circulation of the civil defense pamphlet in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, as the press reported. He protested to the Swarthmore Borough Council against its distribution there, and Swarthmore distributed a factual government pamphlet. He also suggested to Judge Sweeney, at that time the Civil Defense superior of Rear Admiral John V. McElduff, the author of the pamphlet, that he should issue an injunction against the use of tax money for the distribution of the objectionable pamphlet. He received a courteous reply from Judge Sweeney and went to see him. Passmore Elkinton did not intend to bring suit on the matter and felt that after talking with those involved he had accomplished his purpose.

Books

Best Biography

The Life of Mahatma Gandhi, by Louis Fischer. Harper and Brothers, 1950. 558 pp. $5.00.

For the most part the West has failed to understand Gandhi, and Western writers constantly spoke of him as "enigmatical." A large reason for this, I believe, is that Gandhi had deep, strong, unshakable faith in God and belief in the power of the spirit supreme over all evil—a belief as sure as the ordinary man's belief in the attraction of gravitation—whereas the Western leaders, most of the articulate thinkers, and the majority of the rest have lost that faith and belief. Perhaps Louis Fischer would not state the matter in just those terms, but his *Life of Mahatma Gandhi* shows the depth and power of Gandhi's convictions. This life was certainly an instance where faith moved mountains.

Out of my seven months' experience of living with Gandhi, reading most of his writings and a large number of books about him, I think this book is the most complete and, on the whole, the best biography of that great man. It is, perhaps, not so good as some others in describing or explaining the factor of religion in Gandhi's life. Vincent Sheehan's *Lead Kindly Light* and the John Day Company's collection *Nehru on Gandhi* give the reader a more vivid feel of Gandhi's influence on people. Still other books may give a richer understanding of Gandhi's relations with the Indian peasants and their attitude toward him. The biography now being prepared by Pyarelal, Gandhi's secretary, will undoubtedly contain far more detail. But it would be impossible for one man to mirror completely all the facets of so great a genius as Gandhi. On balance, Fischer's biography is the best to date. He has told the story in rich detail, sympathetically and vividly. The Western world should be grateful.

As I read the book I was frequently reminded of the old Sanskrit saying, "Magic powers do not come to a man because he does things that are hard, but because he does things with a pure heart."

RICHARD B. GREGG

Searching Spirit

Themes and Variations, by Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers, 1950. 272 pp. $3.50.

Aldous Huxley is one of the symptomatic figures of the Twentieth Century. A grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley, the great Nineteenth Century proponent of the scientific attitude, and related to various other English literary figures, Aldous Huxley has been a highly responsive reactor to the intellectual movements of the present century. Starting out as a philosophic skeptic and social satirist of the twenties, his searching spirit and intelligence have drawn him more and more toward the cultivation of the inner life. He is now

easily at home in both of the great modes of truth searching, the Western empirical mode, which his grandfather plumped for so successfully, and the Eastern introspective mode, especially as presented by that valuable group, the Vedanta mission on our West Coast. Huxley's most satisfactory work, in the writer's opinion, is his contribution to the collective book, *Vedanta for the Western World.* It is significant that a figure such as Aldous Huxley should so far succeed in the effort to bridge the gap between West and East. He is a sort of Twentieth-Century British-American illustration of the theme of Walt Whitman's great poem about the rounding of the globe, "Passage to India."

Huxley is a tremendous writer, with some thirty book-titles in half a dozen forms of writing to his credit. He has said that "his health breaks down as soon as he stops writing." His work has the merits and demerits of this great facility. The present volume is a case in point, a collection of seven pieces, largely in the vein of literary and philosophic commentary. First and longest is a running interpretative commentary on a lesser French philosopher, Maine de Biran, by way of a study of his "Intimate Journal." Biran seems to have tried to make a bridge between outer and inner truth somewhat as the author himself has, though I should say with less success. "Variations on a Baroque Tomb" is perhaps the most interesting of the smaller pieces, showing Huxley's talent for brilliant, odd psychological insights involving art and social history. This essay and similar ones in the volume suggest that the author has almost, if not quite entirely, abandoned the Calvinist notion th sinning is wrong but fun, and v tue is dull but right. The last e say, "The Double Crisis," is sober and able study of the pre ent world situation, arguing th the political crisis overlays a dee er "ecological" crisis—a crisis, th is, in world population pressu and food resources—and that t former may be met only as t latter is met.

FERNER NU

Simple and Upright

Charles Freer Andrews: A l ography by Benarsidas Chatu vedi and Marjorie Sykes. Harp Brothers. 334 pp., $3.75. With foreword by M. K. Gandhi.

The foreword to this book, wr ten by one of C. F. Andrews' cl est friends and life-long co panions, Mahatma Gandhi, says:

> Charlie Andrews was sim like a child, upright as a d and shy to a degree. For t two biographers, the work h been a labour of love. A l such as Andrews' needs no i troduction. It is its own intr duction.

This book is the record of a br liant thinker, scholar and Christi whose whole life was lost in G and spent in those pioneer activit to which so few men give the selves but without which there h never been real progress and ne an authentic Christian witness. New Testament Christians, pacifists and all lovers of t struggle for justice and indepen ence of the people should turn th pages. "C. F." as all who knew h called him, or "Charlie" as Gand and Tagore called him, was one God's fools. His simplicity a

aïveté were those of a man whose tudy and writing and shrewdness laced him among some of Eng- and's greatest and yet made him erhaps the most disarming and ffective of those who wrought evolutionary changes in India dur- ng the late Nineteenth and early wentieth Century. Andrews spent lmost his entire life in India here he came face to face with hose titanic problems of racial nd economic injustice which lead o war and hatred. At Santiniketan vith the poet Tagore, in Africa with Gandhi, in the Fiji Islands, and nally at Ahamadabad with Gan- hi, "C. F." pitted his frail body nd mighty spirit against unparal- eled suffering and evil. Few men re given to see as much victory in heir fight against the bitter opposi- ion of vested interests as was Andrews.

This reviewer has read the bi- graphy of C. F. Andrews with the pecial delight of a friend and ob- erver of "C. F." in some of his ater years. I shall never forget a tudent weekend conference in the aurentian mountains of Quebec bove Montreal when in sub-zero veather we sat close to the fire and pent long hours in worship and ood talk with Andrews about vhat the Christian life means and vhat his wide experience of God nd man has led him to know by vay of deep conviction in living nd working for the Kingdom of God.

Nor shall I forget my own days t Santiniketan when at Tagore's able we talked nor that afternoon n Germany in 1930 on the beauti- ully appointed upper floor of the ome of a great Jewish surgeon, vhen nine of us sat around the Poet's bed and talked over tea bout the oncoming scourge of Nazism. There was my Canadian friend, my German friend, both of whom had known the great men of India at home, the Poet Tagore and his nephew, the host and hostess, and "C. F." Not only did we discuss whether it was safe for the Poet to fly to Stockholm and Moscow be- cause of his heart ailment and of the water-colors Tagore was doing there propped up in his bed, but of the future of India, of the question of war, of what was happening in Germany and of the meaning or value of religion for a world al- ready racked with the pain and threats of depression and greed, political arrogance and the awful aftermath of war. I had known "C. F." both in Tagore's college at Bolpur and in the Ashram of Gan- dhi where he was an almost con- stant colleague and collaborator, and to know him was to love him. Take time out to read this dramatic story of authentic living.

WINNIFRED WYGAL

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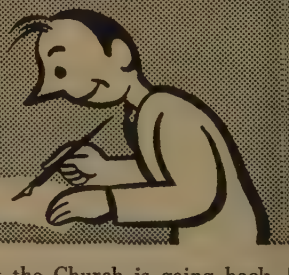
Letters



That Six Percent

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

In order to clarify my statement in regard to tax refusal for war purposes, I would like to explain that, after a year, the tax collector goes to our bank, without even notifying us, and demands and takes the unpaid balance *plus* six percent interest on that balance.

The six percent is a fine imposed for nonpayment, and the fact that it is taken from us, and not paid by us voluntarily, makes all the difference in the world in the highly important testimony against war which, I hope, will be made by more and more people.

VALERIE RIGGS
Cambridge, Mass.

A Possibility

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

May I answer the statement of Josephine Kruger in the current issue of FELLOWSHIP in regard to the Catholic position on Peace? She is absolutely right: the Pope always writes and speaks for Peace, but—what has he accomplished?

Do you realize that the Pope is the most powerful individual in the world? If he will speak and write under the proper conditions, he, by himself, can put a stop to war by all civilized countries. For, when he speaks *ex cathedra* as the "vicar of Christ" all Catholics are morally bound to accept his statements and make them a part of their Catholic belief. Hence, if he will speak *ex cathedra* on the subject of Peace and tell his people that the Church is going back the principles of the first Christians *wh were pacifists*, there will be a great chan in the world. When hundreds of millio of Catholic men refuse to kill their fe lowmen there can be no war in or I civilized nations. A new way will I found for settling international difficulti and even Russia will come into line.

And then the whole world, Catholi and non-Catholic, will rise up and ca the Pope blessed.

MRS. G. WILSON HAMILTC
Marshall, Missouri

Two Criticisms

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

I would like to discuss what, in m opinion, is a noticeable and serious fai ing on the part of A. J. Muste and FE LOWSHIP: namely the mistake of takir the side of the American Business Cla as regards world problems and the cre tion of a better world for everybody. Firs let me emphasize that this is not don openly and clearly, but covertly and i directly. It is my further contention tha an American citizen who is a Christia pacifist must oppose American militaris ceaselessly and unqualifiedly. There is n advantage for the cause of pacifism i berating the militarism of other countrie of which one does not happen to be citizen. The issue is really academic, sinc as a matter of fact we can as privat citizens do nothing to affect the Sovi military or the Chinese military, etc. Bu on the other hand, we definitely can d much to affect the American Busines

Class and thus the American military and the military of the countries America is maintaining. And the sad evidence is that we are simply not putting up any appreciable resistance to the American military and its advances. . . .

Perhaps we can penetrate a little deeper into why Muste and "pacifists" generally offset their limited criticism of American militarism with remarks to the effect that, "Of course, Soviet militarism, Soviet conditions are worse," etc. What is such a writer trying to reassure us about?

Of one thing at least: that in the final analysis, in the event of a definitive showdown, he (Muste for example) is really a true American Crusader For Freedom and not to be confused with any sort of Russophile. This is a perfectly understandable position; we live in a dangerous time as regards Free Speech in America. . . .

What if such pacifist critics sincerely dislike most if not all things Communistic—shouldn't they append their little statements to that effect after their glove-tap criticisms of American militarism? By all means let those who must practice serpent-wiseness. But let them also be known for what they are: pacifists who are determined to weather the storm of gathering police state and military statism at any cost. It is undeniably sad to find such "disillusioned" ones busy justifying the means of compromise and expediency. . . .

HAROLD BERNHARDT, JR.
Kansas City, Missouri

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation are quite aware of the dangers of war hysteria, and we wish to be free from this contagion. It would seem that we have aroused a certain amount of misunderstanding. We have been vocal in our opposition to militarism as we experience it here. We have been relatively silent about the militarism of so-called enemy nations. I, for one, would like to see us in a more balanced position. We need not succumb to war hysteria to attain it. Personally, I should like to have the FOR show opposition to all brands of militarism and nationalism, not merely the American varieties.

Such a treatment of the international scene would best convey to the world the exact position of the FOR. At present, in the minds of many people the suspicion lurks that the FOR is somewhat subversive. This is not the cry of a frightened liberal, but an appeal for broader vision.

EUGENE KREVES
Cincinnati, Ohio

For Freedom

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

The letter from A. W. Rudolph in September has stuck in my mind, because I felt there was something wrong there. Freedom, freedom for everybody, is my animating desire as a pacifist. I concluded that he was asking for suppression. He was not asserting his right to express himself as a humanist. He was protesting Mr. Muste's right and mine to express ourselves as Christians.

He speaks of the Jewish friend who had shock and abhorrence to read of the Church of Christ and the peace of Christ in a magazine called FELLOWSHIP. If in the magazine I had read on the cover that the Jewish congregations in the name of Jehovah proclaimed the peace of Jehovah, I would have been thrilled. I feel my fellowship complete with the spirit of that noble pacifist, Rabbi Abraham Cronbach.

The Survey awhile ago had a discussion of the word "tolerance." I agree that the word is supercilious and "intolerant."

What we need is a substitute for the word "tolerance," some word having noun, verb and adjective forms that means fellowship, with complete individual freedom. It must indicate respect for others' views and positions, and, indeed, pleasure in the individuality of each person. Is there such a word?

MRS. FRANKIE G. MERSON
Keuka Park, New York

One Dilemma

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

In a recent FELLOWSHIP I noted with interest the statements which A. J. Muste and others made relative to saluting the flag. Being frequently in hot water on that score myself I have my own pledge which I say silently to myself at such times. Perhaps others might like to use something of the sort—or other people may have similar versions which might be printed in FELLOWSHIP.

I give my love to all people in all nations
With faith in God, the father
Of One world, united in a common brotherhood.

Some might feel "united" is not quite the word. Maybe you can do better. Underlying all differences, however, *is* that essential unity

ELINOR ASHKENAZY
Glendale, Calif.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Mathematics M.A., pacifist, wife, child, seeks small college or high school post, preferably in Midwest. Qualified physics, chemistry, German. Experience one year high, three years college, four years CPS, 1½ year with AFSC in Europe. Would consider other suitable work. Box 247, Dahlonega, Georgia.

Botanist, Ph.D., 35, three years teaching experience, desires new academic or research position. General, morphology, physiology, algology, related fields. Write Box B, FELLOWSHIP.

LAUBACH

(*Continued from Page* 19)

gift is thyself. Almost anything can be bought with money except warm impulses of the human heart. They must be given away direct."

This kind of war will make everybody feel good, make us love everybody, make us sure of the smile of Christ. In a great book called *Love Against Hate* the psychologist Menninger says: "Love is life and hate is death, and love when we use it against hate, destroys it."

We must turn on every battery of love in the armory of America and overwhelm the tide of hate that has poisoned the world. We shall not be overcome of evil, but we shall overcome evil by good.

This is the way of Jesus Christ. Mahatma Gandhi understood it and used it to the great good of India. God grant that it may become the way of the United States and the United Nations.

An address delivered by Dr. Frank C. Laubach at the testimonial dinner given him January 4, 1951, to celebrate his twenty years of literacy work around the world—67 countries, 207 languages.

FOR Field Secretaries

Midwest: Albert Watson, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.; *Far West:* Orval Etter, 1941 Oregon Street, Berkeley 3, Cal.; *Southwest:* Glenn Smiley, Room 115, 213 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 12, Cal.; *Middle Atlantic:* Charles Walker, 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

DEFEAT TRIUMPHANT

By Lewis Maclachlan

Seeking to find in the sacrifice of the Cross the true meaning of Christianity, Lewis Maclachlan, a minister and editor of the British FOR magazine Reconciliation, writes: "The Cross sets forth in dreadful emphasis the truth that forgiveness, which must be free to the forgiven, is supremely costly to the forgiver." The author is deeply convinced that an act of God endowed man with the power of redemption, with the power to change himself radically for the good by searching the depths of loving forbearance.

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F.O.R. members should consider whether they may not be called to this important Conference, to share their concerns and benefit by the experience and insights of their fellow members.

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